

I WANT TO BE AN OCEAN

by Andrew "Change" Huang

i want to be an ocean, wild and vast,
touching continents as if in any moments
i can pull them closer together. i know
it is a silly dream, but the thought

of being able to touch unknown territories
makes me want to be more than just freshwater
trapped between two valleys. right now,

i am sick of seeing the same old couple,
in and out of their tiny cabin by the pier.
i have to be careful not to disturb
their paper canoe, floating placidly
on the rippling water of my skin—

i wish i can rage a storm at them.

but instead all day, they chuckle
to the hum of the quiet afternoon.
they fish from my shallow belly until
the amber glowing beams sink away.

abysmal and void—all that i am not,
i want to be an ocean. with glow fishes
swirling like a pool of stars deep
by the warm trench,

i have never known what it is like to hold dusts
in my hands. and as i am now,
the stars are all out of reach;
the closest i will ever be to them is seeing
them in the reflection on my belly.